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A

Congratulatory Poem

ON

His Royal Highness's Entertainment in the City.

2. Dec. 1682. A sorry poem.

ILlustrious Prince, Heroical and Great,
Royal by Birth, with every Grace compleat.
Wisdom and Vertue both adorn that Breast,
Fram'd for the Nations publique Interest.
At your Approach Joy sits on every brow:
Know, Sr, the City doth esteem you now.
Loyalty so long banish'd from this Place,
Returns with greater Splendor, sweeter Grace.
The late dark Clouds of Ignorance are gone,
And Faction that so spur'd the Rabble on.
Popular Cheats appear in open view,
And men begin to love their Prince and you.
A *Cæsar*'s brother now hath Justice done,
And shines more bright than the unclouded Sun.
To you next him we will our Tribute pay,
Scourge the dull Rout and teach them to obey.
I make a Present of our Youngsters Hearts,
Who'l die e're they'l submit to Traytors Arts.
Successive Rights we with our Bloods will own,
'Gainst all *Associators* of the Town,
Those Crack-brain'd Elves that level at the Crown.
Kingdoms and Thrones, Hereditary are,
Heaven hath decre'd it and shall Mortals bare
To contradict what is determin'd there?
No, we know better things, but till that day
We'l for your Health and Safety, hourly pray.

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